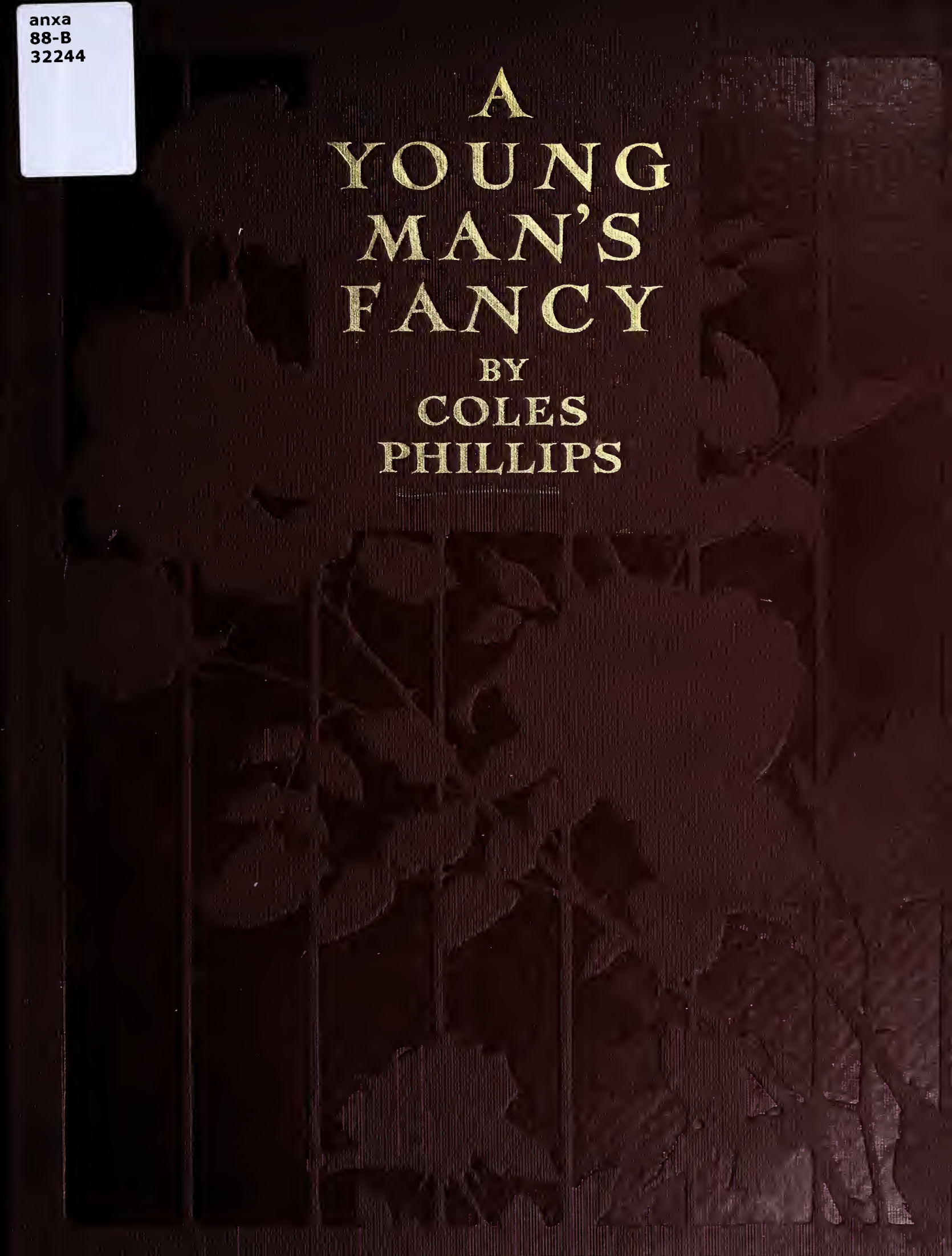
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A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

BY

COLES PHILLIPS





A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

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Once in my lady's
garden bower
I hid me when she
came,
And heard her whisper
to a flower
A secret and a name!
She held it in her
finger-tips
A little while, and then
Pressed it against
her scarlet lips—
Kissed it, and said
Amen!


G. COLES PHILLIPS

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

BY

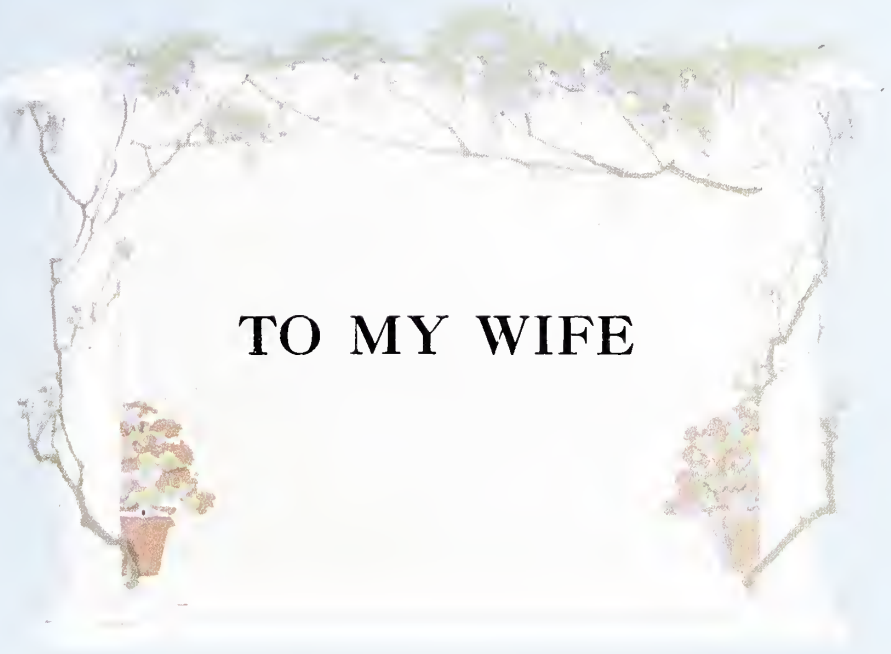
COLES PHILLIPS

DECORATIONS BY
E. STETSON CRAWFORD

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TO MY WIFE

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

Are you sorceress
or Circe,
Never warmth with
thought of mercy,
Calmly binding me
within your cruel snare?



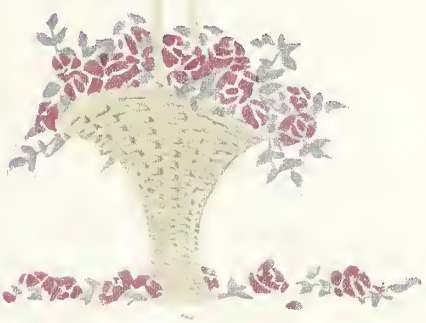






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Have you charmed
the tender skies
Till they linger
in your eyes?
Have you deftly
wound the sunlight
in your hair?







There's a wonderful
stir made
Each morning at ten,
For Myrtilla
a mermaid
Is apt to be then;







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All the sirens
in rapture
Salute as they should,
And old Neptune
would capture
The girl if he could.





Swift from the bow
of morning sped

One golden dart

Straight to the fragrant
blossom red—

Straight to the garden's
heart.



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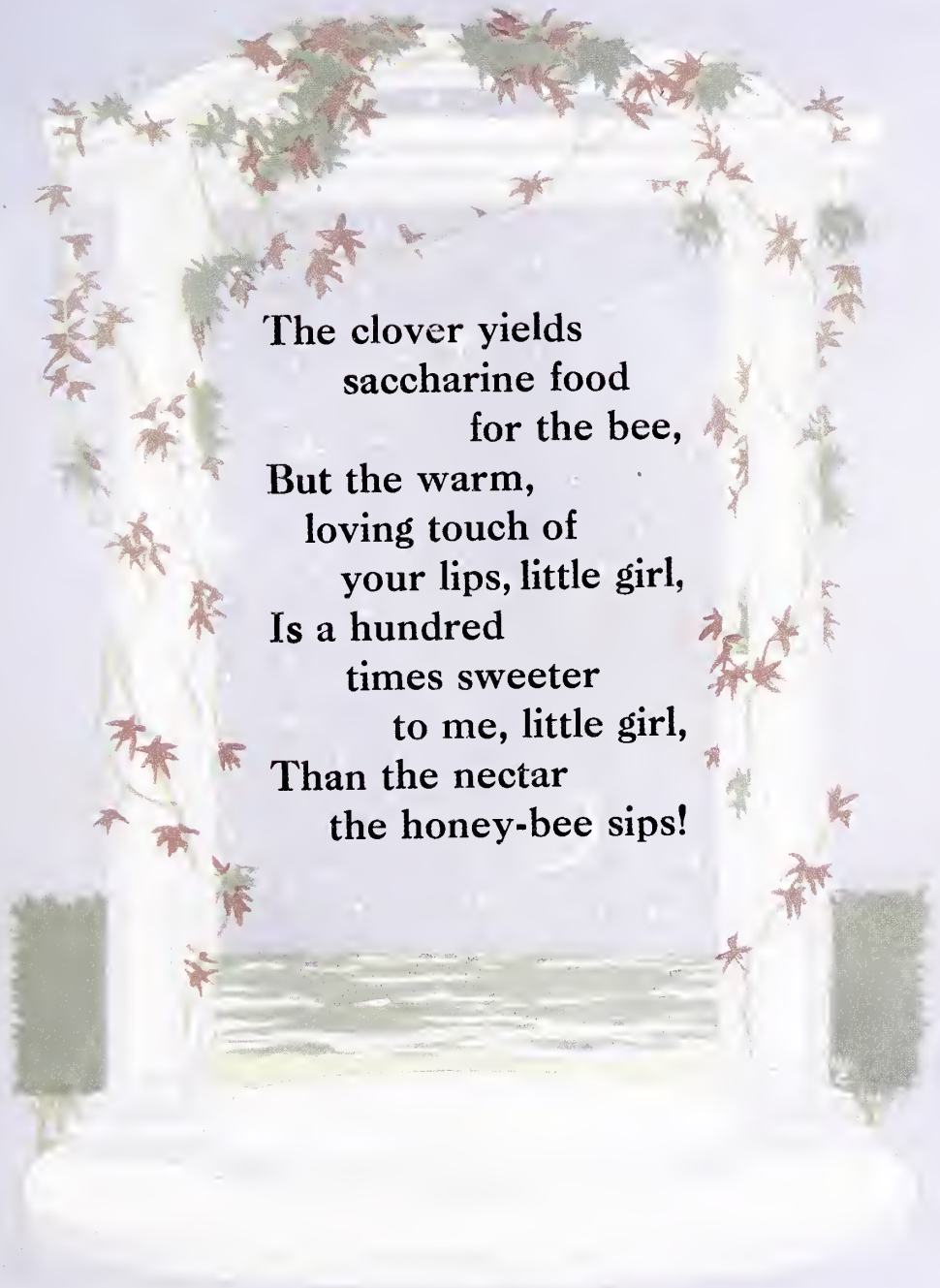
So from your lips—
the rosy bow
Of Love divine—
Speed the sweet word
and bid it go
Straight to this heart
of mine!



The south wind
sweeps over the
hill, little girl,
Through the
red clover-blossoms
it roves;
The honey-bee's
drinking its fill,
little girl, and is
Drunk with the
nectar it loves.



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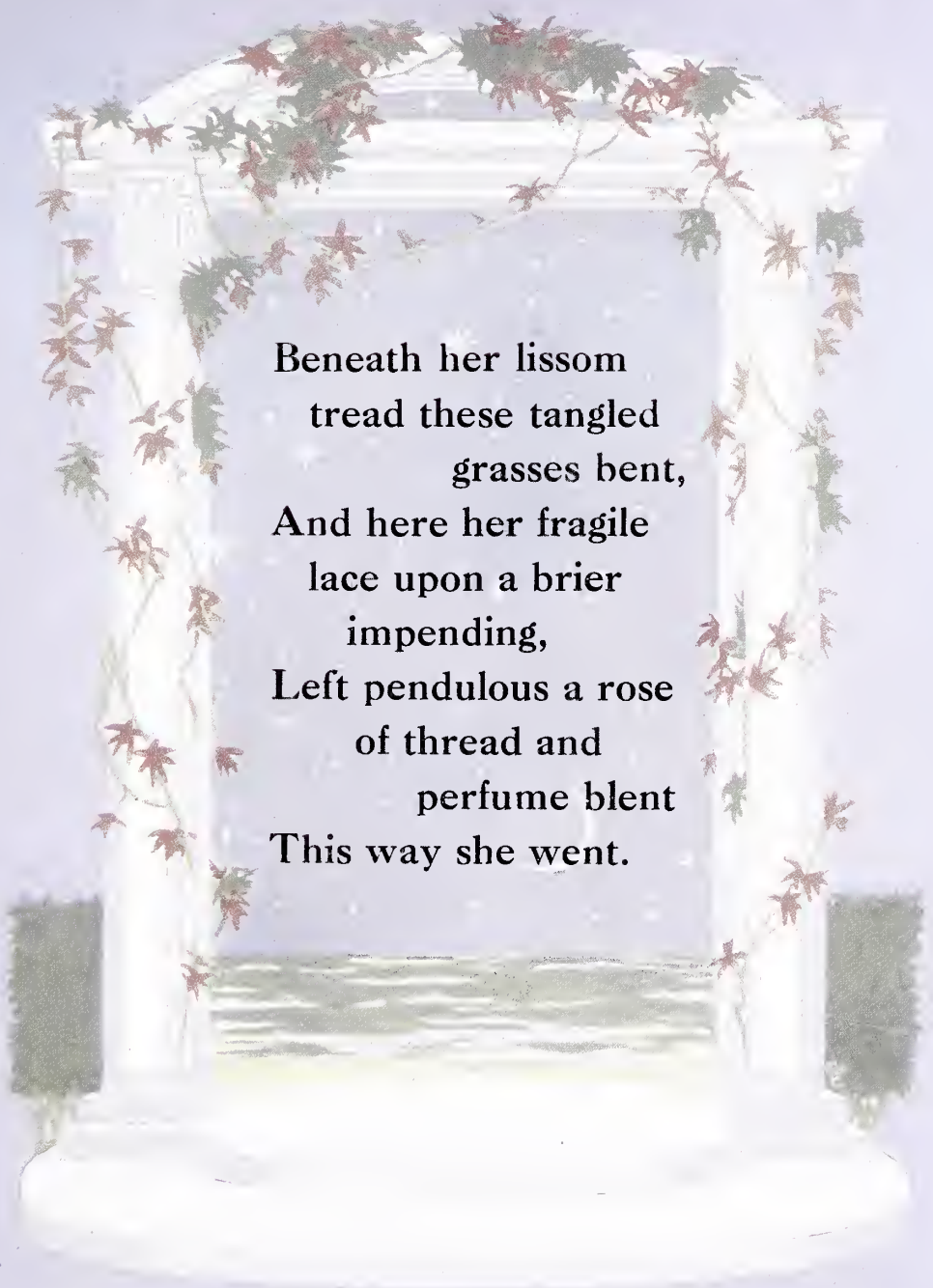
The clover yields
saccharine food
for the bee,
But the warm,
loving touch of
your lips, little girl,
Is a hundred
times sweeter
to me, little girl,
Than the nectar
the honey-bee sips!



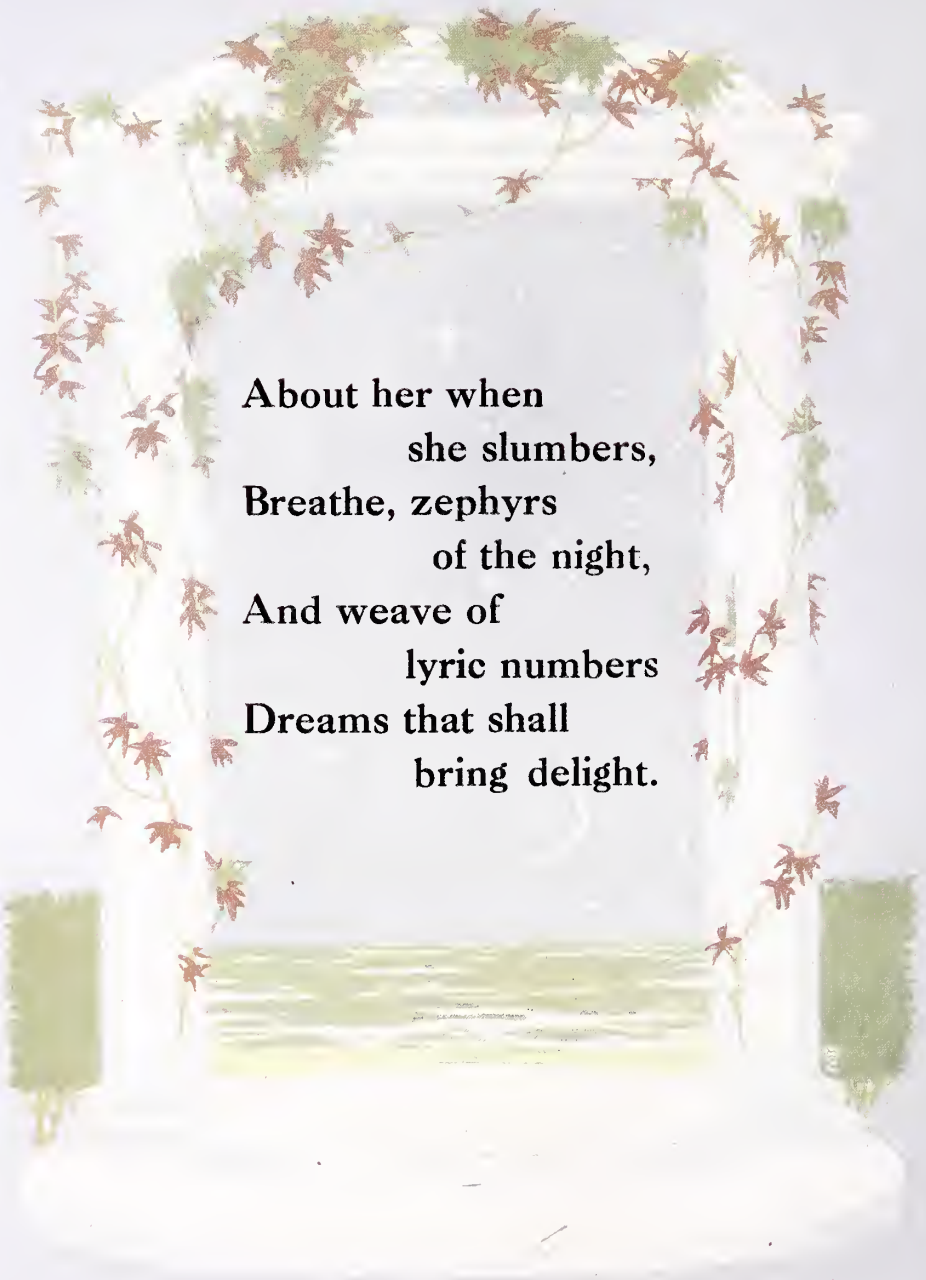
This way she went,
Ah me, but it is
easy reading—
Her glimmering trail
across the garden's
green descent;
As clear to follow as a
flute's fine note
receding.



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Beneath her lissom
tread these tangled
grasses bent,
And here her fragile
lace upon a brier
impending,
Left pendulous a rose
of thread and
perfume blent
This way she went.



About her when
she slumbers,
Breathe, zephyrs
of the night,
And weave of
lyric numbers
Dreams that shall
bring delight.



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Sing of the stars above her;
And once, ere
you depart,
Sing softly that I love her,
Dear keeper of
my heart.



I've watched while
other girls made tea,
So I'm prepared to judge;
No other picture
quite suits me
Like Mabel making fudge.











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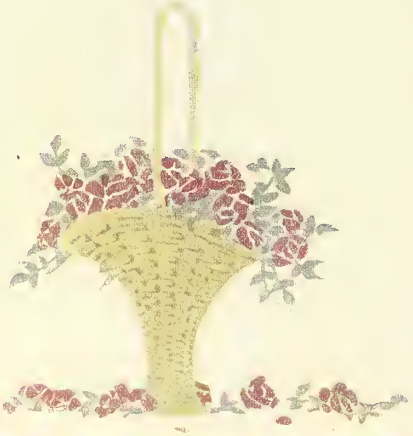
And if Dan Cupid
helps a mite,
All day I'll gladly drudge
At business, if by
candle-light
My Mabel makes
my fudge!







Belinda's freckles—
past all doubt
The gold within
her coming out—
Are all the wealth
of which I boast,
The Midas stores I
care for most.



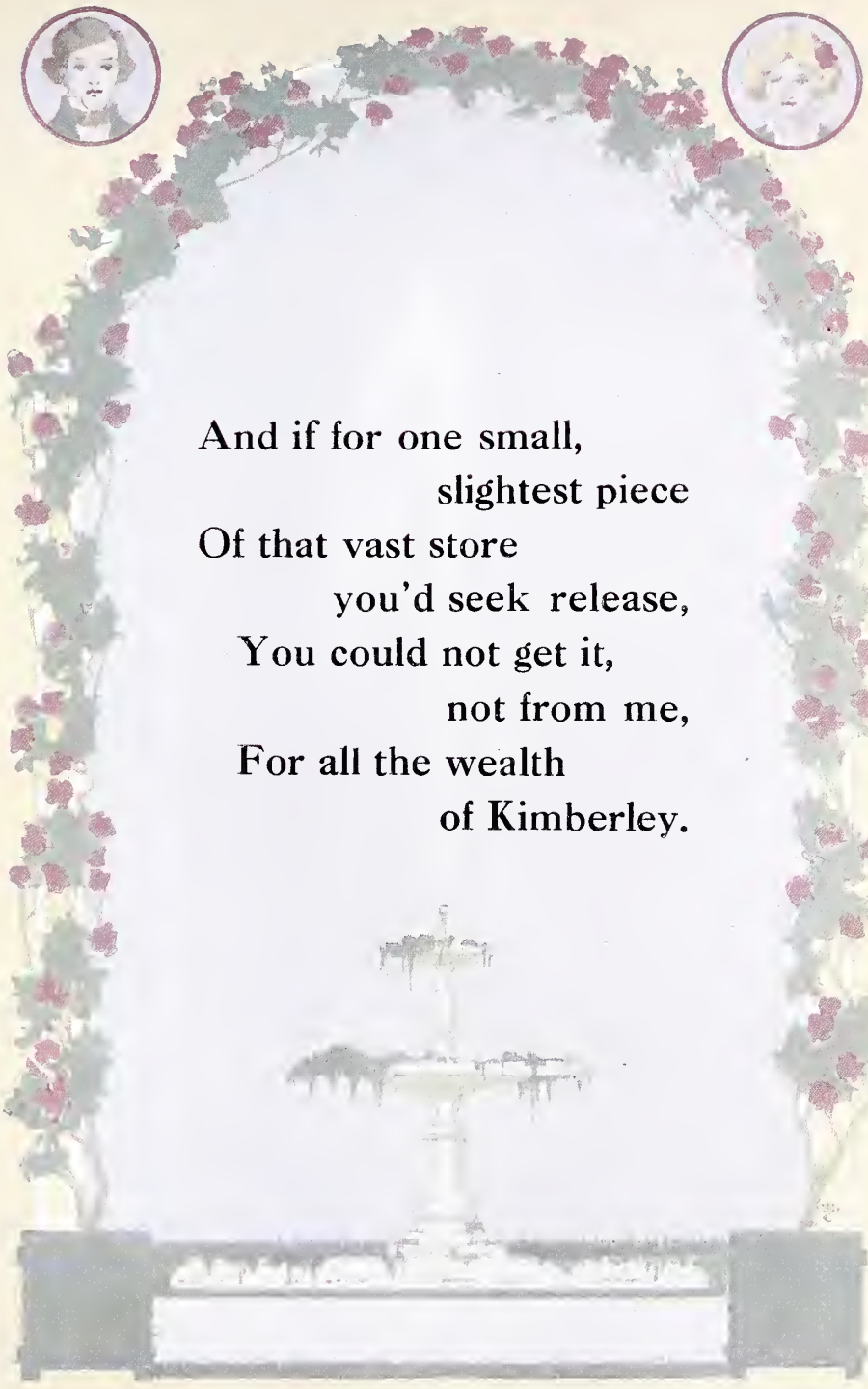




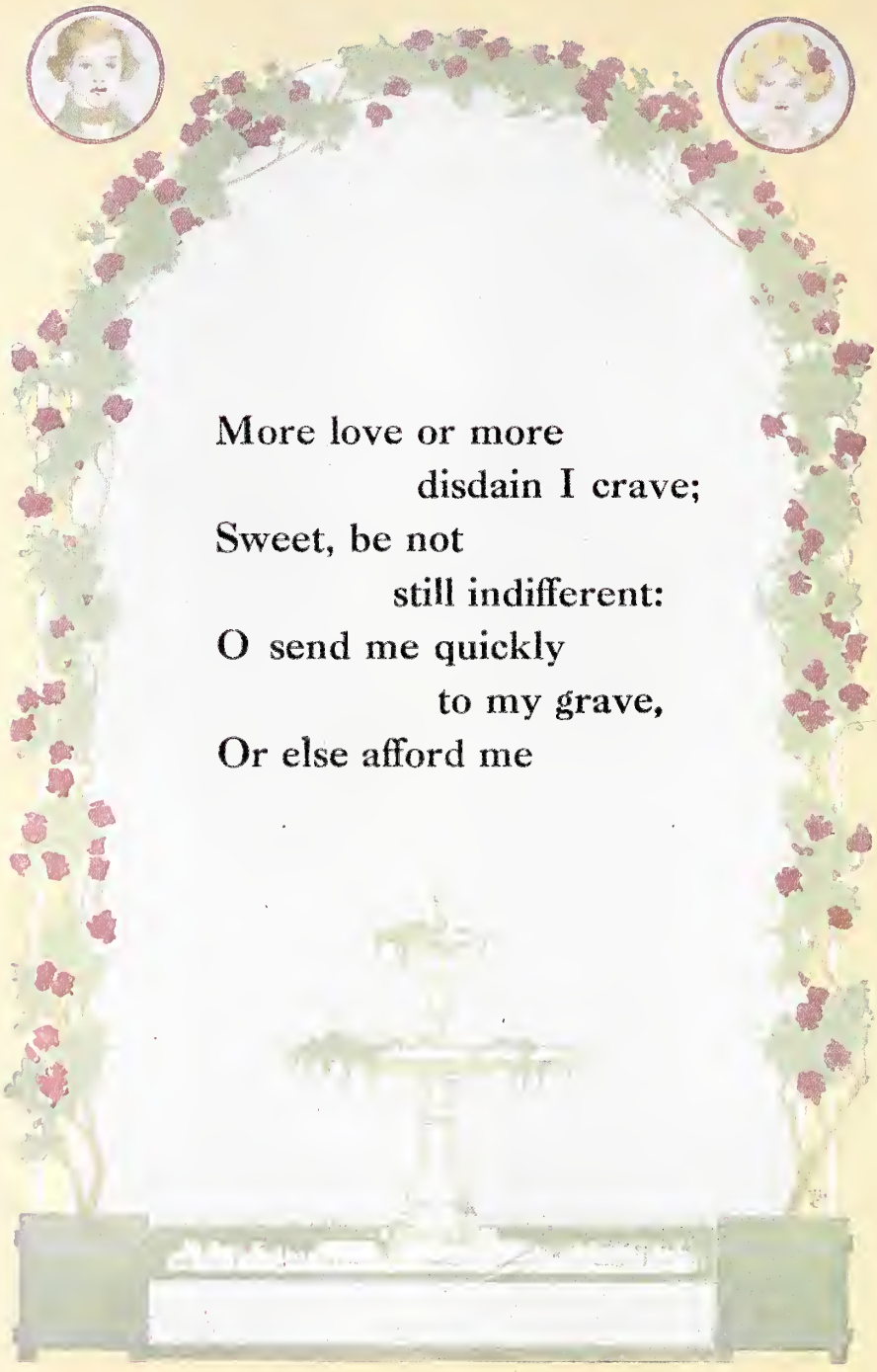


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And if for one small,
slightest piece
Of that vast store
you'd seek release,
You could not get it,
not from me,
For all the wealth
of Kimberley.



More love or more
disdain I crave;
Sweet, be not
still indifferent:
O send me quickly
to my grave,
Or else afford me



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. . . . more content!
Or love or hate me
more or less,
For love abhors
all lukewarmness.

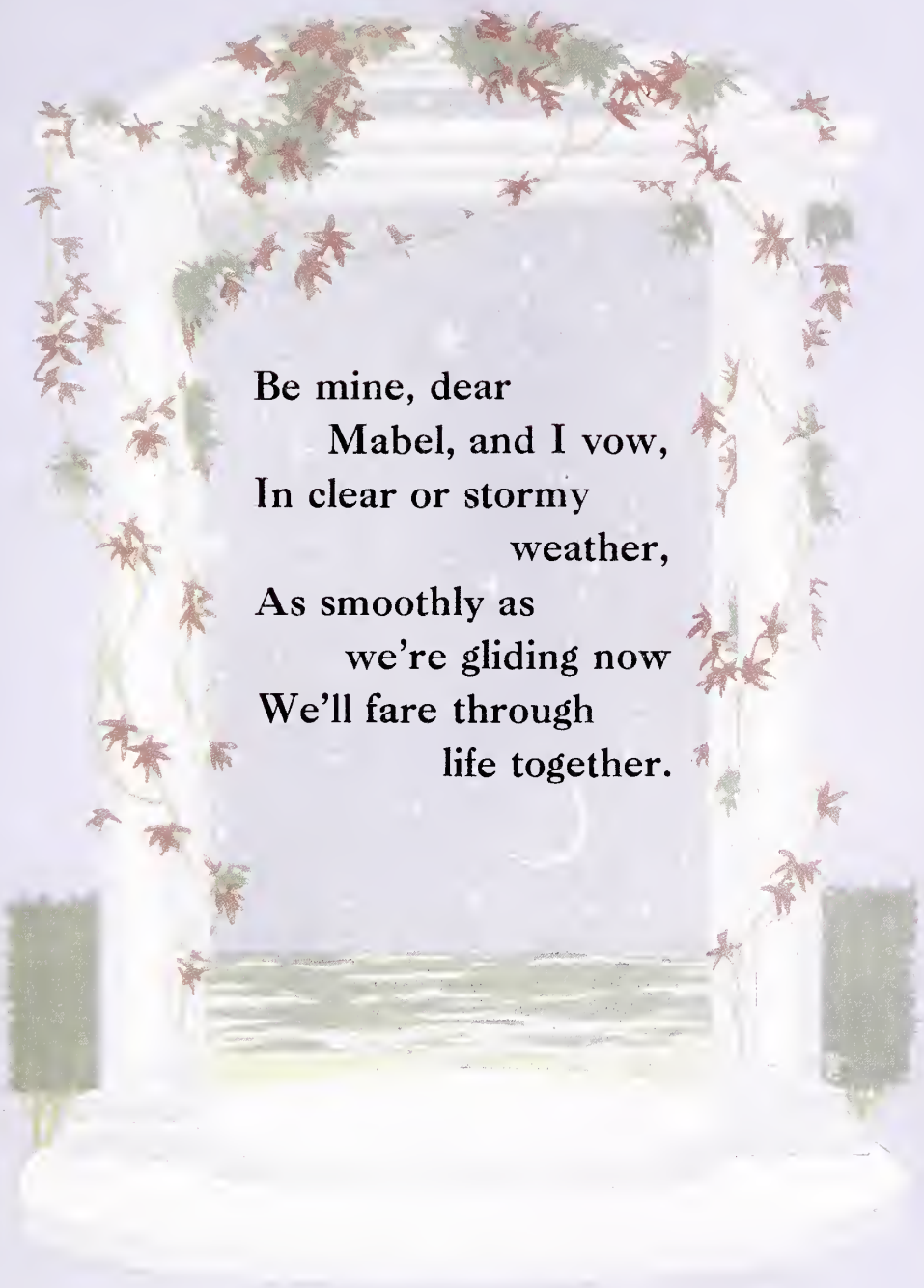


When snow on the
sun-dial lies,
And the heart and
the year seem cold,
As the carrier-pigeon flies.
I return to the love of old!



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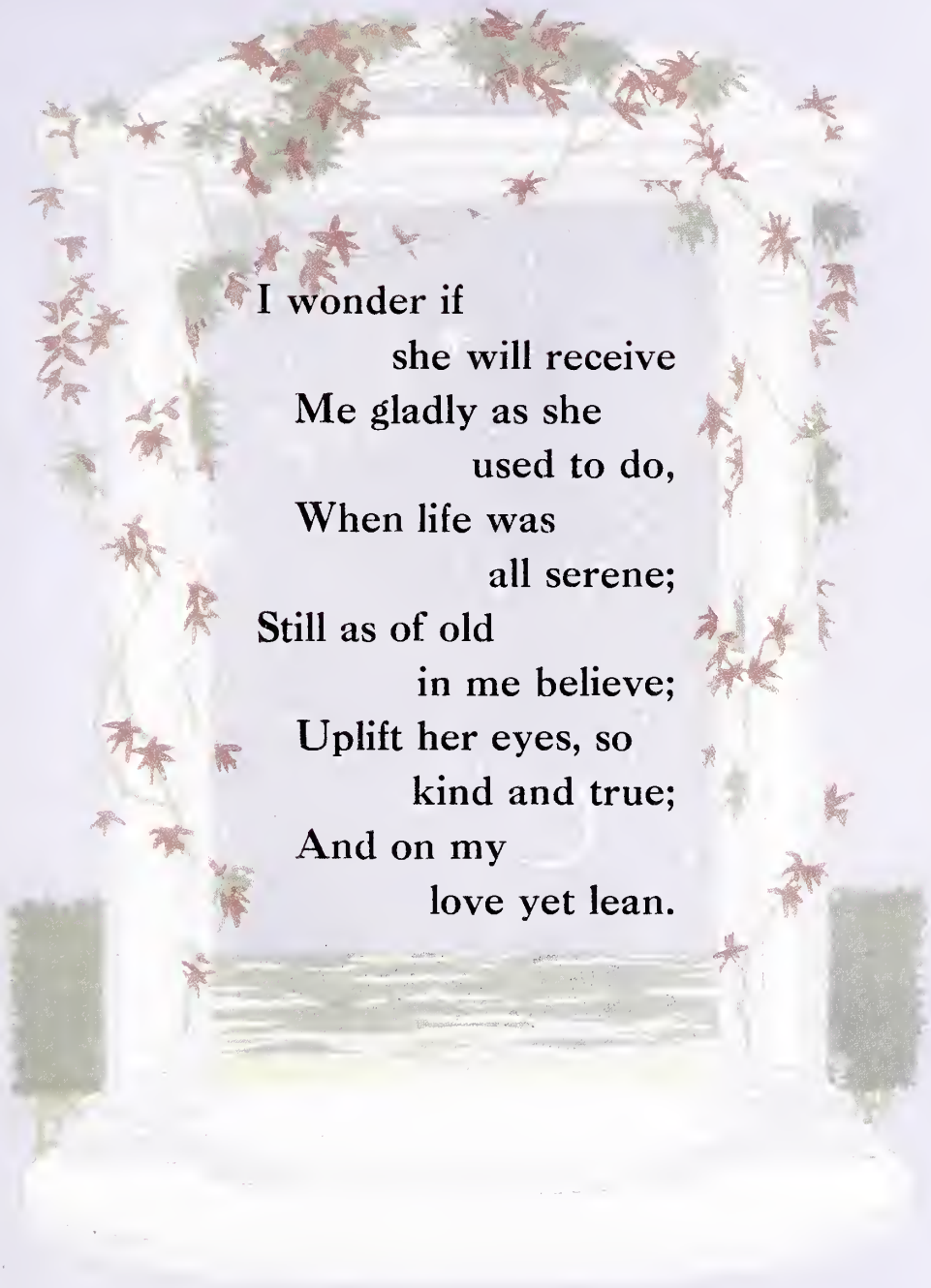

Be mine, dear
Mabel, and I vow,
In clear or stormy
weather,
As smoothly as
we're gliding now
We'll fare through
life together.



Is it her step, so
softly sweet
Descending as of
old the stair,
That step which
thrills me so?
Shall I once more
my Elsie meet,
My Elsie, seraph-
like and fair,
Who left me long ago?



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I wonder if
she will receive
Me gladly as she
used to do,
When life was
all serene;
Still as of old
in me believe;
Uplift her eyes, so
kind and true;
And on my
love yet lean.



I believe all
children's good,
Ef they're only
understood,—
Even bad ones
'pears to me
'S jes as good as
they kin be!



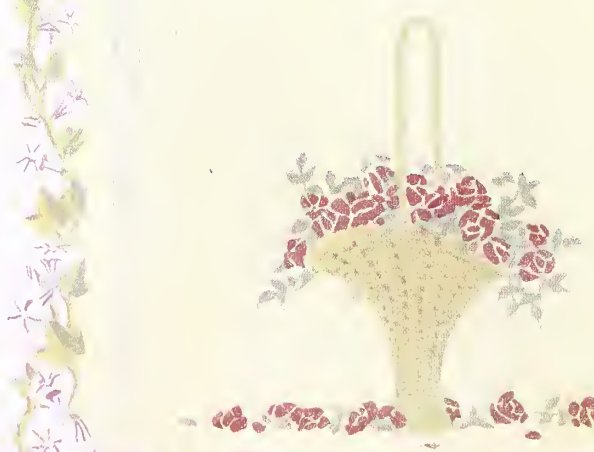
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Sometimes, when I bin bad,
An' Pa "currecks" me nen,
An' Uncle Sidney
he comes here,
I'm allus good again;

'Cause Uncle Sidney says,
An' takes me up
an' smiles,—
The goodest mens
they is ain't good
As baddest little childs!



Like a lilac in the spring
Is my love, my lady-love;
Purple-white, the lilacs fling
Scented blossoms
from above
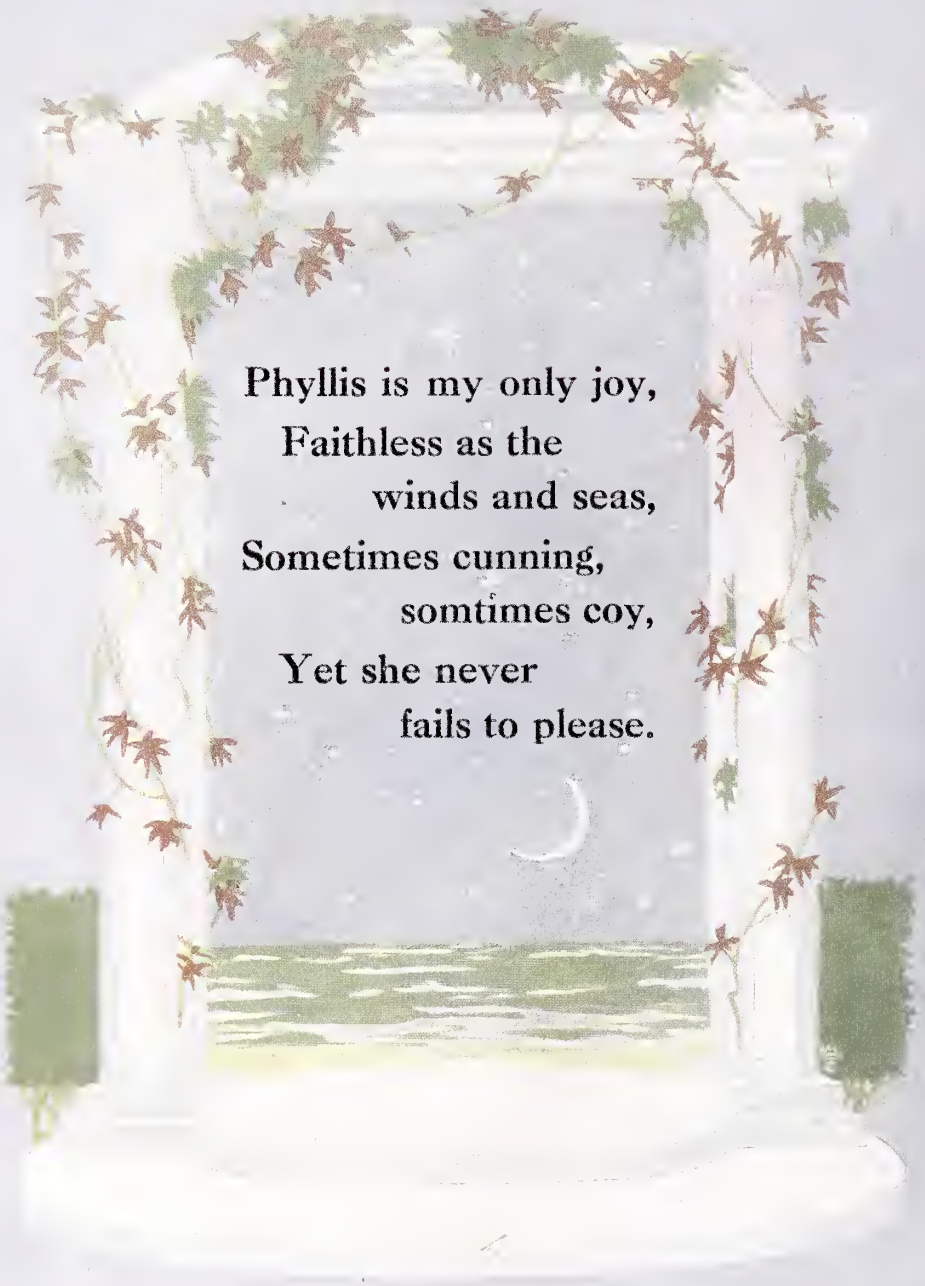












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So my love, my
lady-love,
Throws soft glances
on my heart;
Ah, my dainty
lady-love,
Every glance is
Cupid's dart.


Phyllis is my only joy,
Faithless as the
winds and seas,
Sometimes cunning,
somtimes coy,
Yet she never
fails to please.



C. COLES PHILLIPS

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If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phyllis smiling
And beguiling,
Makes me happier
than before.



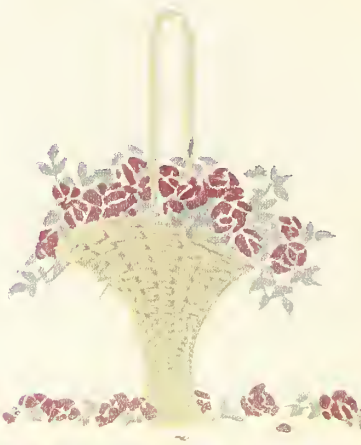




Love in her sunny eyes
does basking play;

Love walks the pleasant
mazes of her hair;

Love does on both her
lips forever stray,





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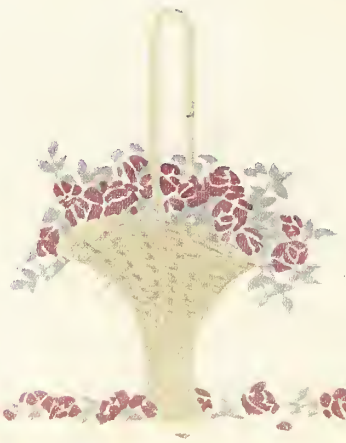
And sows and reaps a
thousand kisses there;

In all her outward parts
Love's always seen;

But Oh! he never
went within.

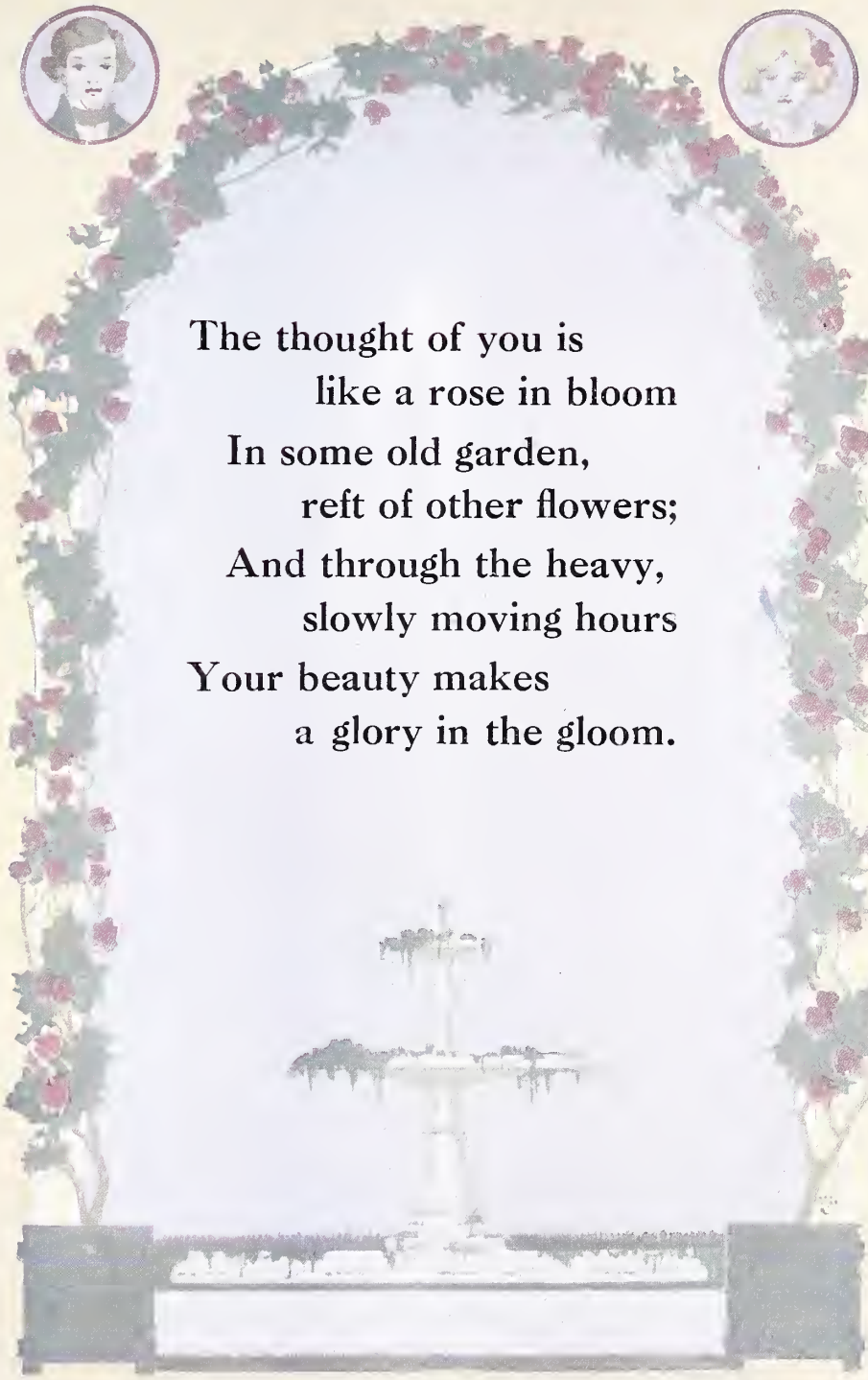


She said me nay,
and yet, and yet,
She drooped her
head—ah, sad
coquette!
I wonder if 'twas
nay she meant?
The mantling blushes
came and went;
Her eyes with unshed
tears were wet.

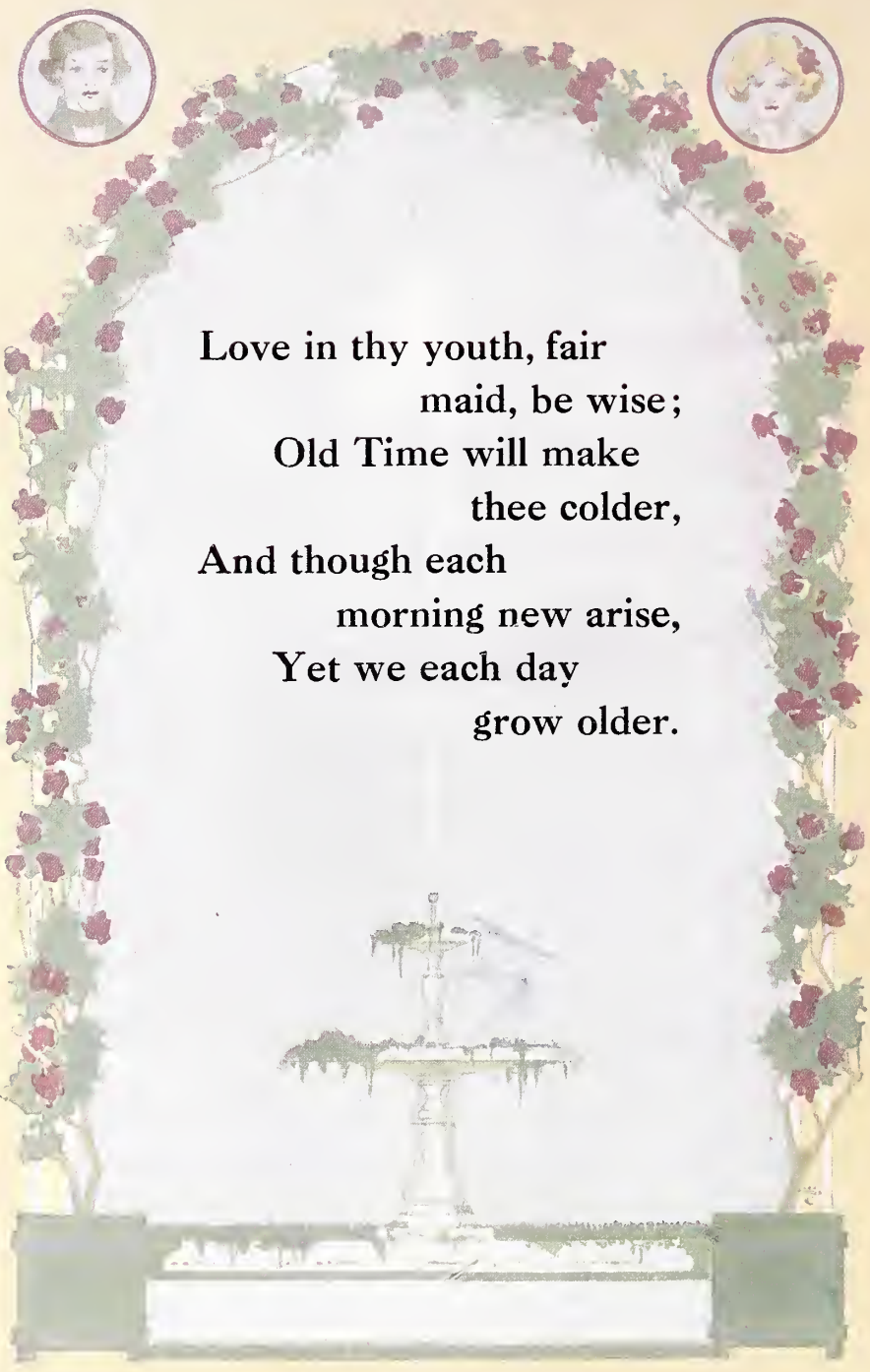




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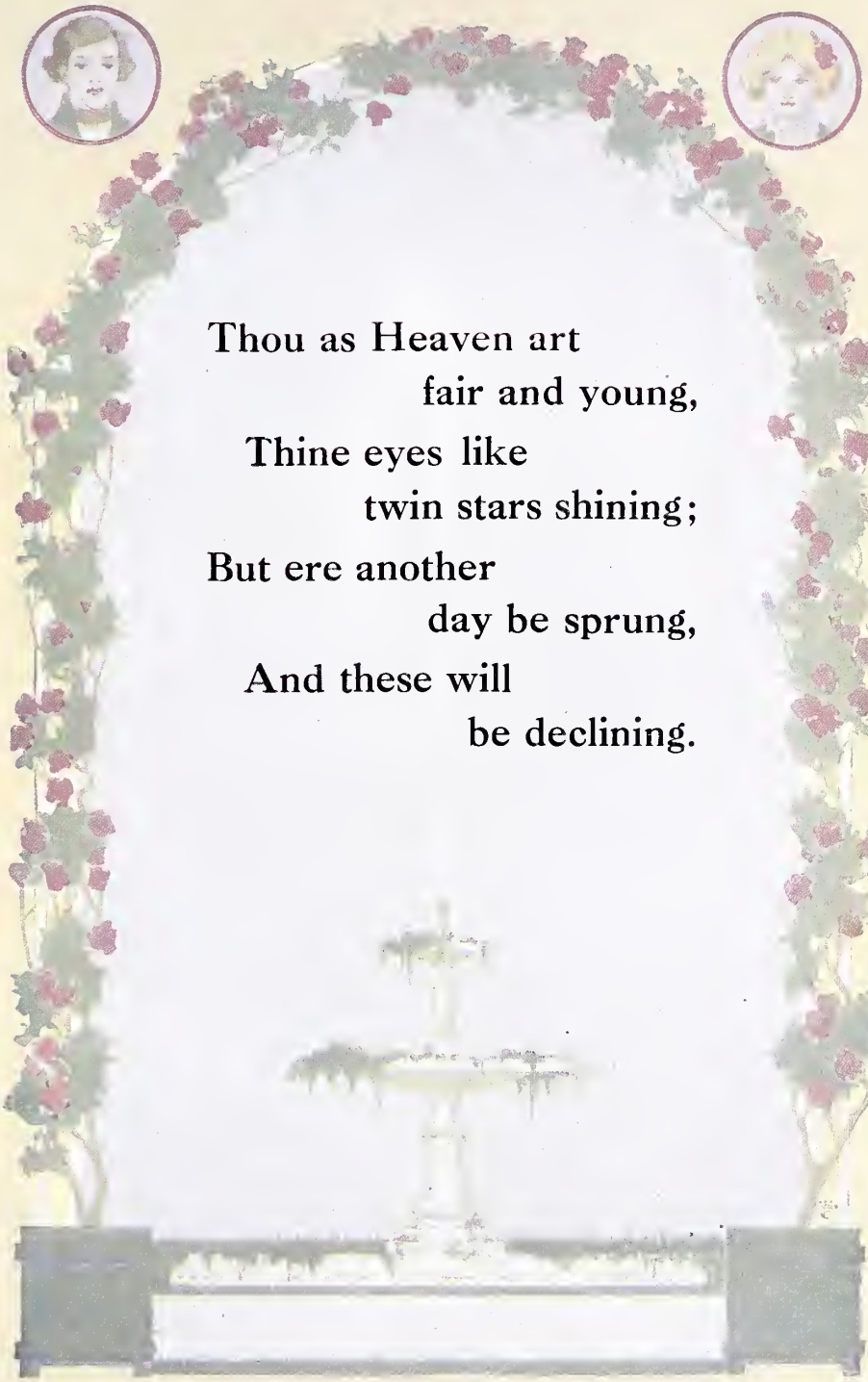
The thought of you is
like a rose in bloom
In some old garden,
reft of other flowers;
And through the heavy,
slowly moving hours
Your beauty makes
a glory in the gloom.



Love in thy youth, fair
maid, be wise;
Old Time will make
thee colder,
And though each
morning new arise,
Yet we each day
grow older.



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Thou as Heaven art
fair and young,
Thine eyes like
twin stars shining;
But ere another
day be sprung,
And these will
be declining.





It is not, Celia,
in our power
To say how long
our love will last;
It may be we
within this hour



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May lose those joys
we now do taste;
The Blesséd,
that immortal be,
From change in love
are only free.

COLES PHILLIPS

AND HIS WORK

Coles Phillips

THE creator of The Fadeaway Girl was born in Springfield, Ohio, thirty-one years ago. There was little of the artistic temperament in his early years, rather more of the healthy, fun-loving boy's capacity to fall into deviltry, and it was not until his college days that he realized that his natural ability to draw might be of use to him. In his efforts to work his way through Kenyon College at Gambier, Ohio, he earned his first money as an artist by illustrating and decorating the college monthly magazine. After his graduation at the age of twenty-one, he went to New York and for some time picked up a varied experience here and there, clerking and working at odd jobs. Later he found employment as solicitor in one of the city's biggest advertising and designing houses. In this position he represented his chosen field and cultivated a keen business sense and a practical knowledge of commercial art.

He soon used this knowledge to good advantage in forming a dozen artists into an advertising organization of his own. In this new adventure he was forced to spend so much time as "outside man" on the business end of the concern that his painting suffered from neglect. But he finally responded to the call of the artist in him, retired from the commercial field, rented a studio, and set out to remedy his lack of technical training by attending the Chase School in the afternoons and the Free Art School on Forty-fourth Street in the evenings.

On his first drawing Phillips worked a month. "Life" accepted it as a double-page cartoon and proceeded at once to look up Phillips. He immediately became a regular contributor, and when "Life" issued colored covers the Fadeaway Girl made her bow to lovers of the daintily feminine. Her success



COLES PHILLIPS

was instantaneous, and her type with its elusive lines and its happy blending of colors, has become famous the country over. So original was the conception that the Fadeaway Girl will always stand for Coles Phillips and Coles Phillips for the Fadeaway Girl. He says, however, that his other achievements with the brush have done more to bring him success than the fadeaway drawings.

Admirers of the art of Phillips little realize the amount of work required in these apparently simple creations. So much of the surrounding detail is eliminated that it is doubly imperative to show the central figure to its best advantage. Therefore, since his artistic effects must be produced with so few actual lines, every drawing demands the most careful study. To do this with truth to life, Phillips always uses living models.

The originator of the Fadeaway Girl is not of the long-haired, flowing bow-tie variety of artists, but prides himself on his practicality and enjoys having his friends call him "sane and business-like," which he is. He lives in New Rochelle, the New York suburb which now has another claim to fame than the fact that it is "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," and there in his studio overlooking Long Island Sound, with his slender, sweet-faced wife as a model, he does much of his best work. For the wife of C. Coles Phillips is the inspiration of the art that has made him famous. America has opened wide her arms to welcome this new creation. The Coles Phillips Girl typifies the subtle charm of American womanhood. In the drawing-room or in the kitchen, breaking hearts or baking pies, or sturdily joying in the mighty stillness of the great outdoors, always alluring, always at home, a real woman from the tip of her dainty boot to the soft glory of her hair, she stands out from her flat background and answers completely to a young's man's fancy at its highest and best.

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